

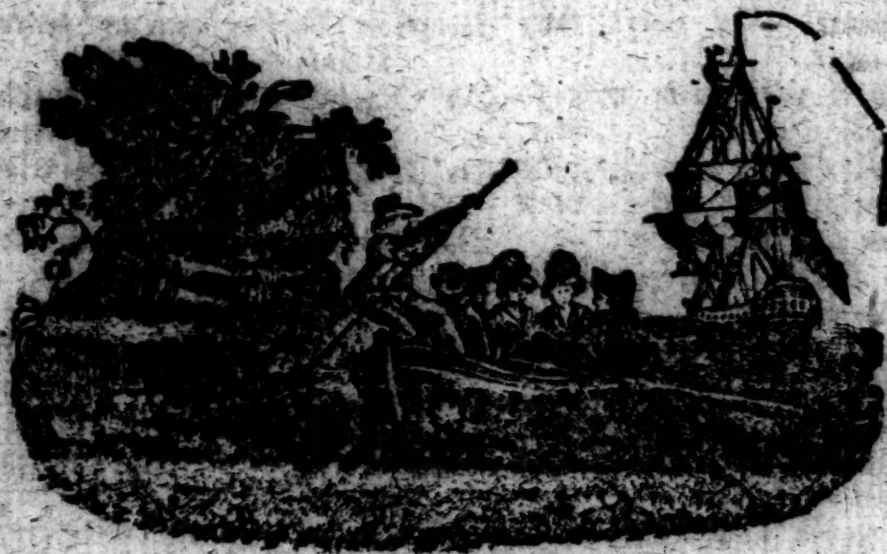
THE
Mariners' Concert,
BEING
A NEW COLLECTION
OF THE MOST FAVORITE
SEA SONGS,

Written and sung by Dibden, Dignum, Fawcett, &c.

And sung at the Places of Public Amusement in the Year 1797.

CONTAINING

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. A Salt Eel for Mynheer. | 10. Doll of Wapping. |
| 2. Duncan's Defeat of the Dutch. | 11. The Shipwreck'd Tar. |
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| 5. Moll in the Wad. | 14. The Maid of Martindale. |
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PRINTED BY J. EVANS, 42, LONG-LANE LONDON.

1. *A Salt Eel for Mynheer.*

WH Y, Jack, my fine fellow
here's glorious news,
Lord I could have told 'em as much,
That the devil himself durst not stand
in their shoes,

If Duncan fell in with the Dutch;
What heart in the kingdom can now
feel dismay,

Nine sail of the line's not amiss,
While they thrug up their shoulders
and snuff it away, [this.
How the Mounseer's will jabber at

CHORUS.

No, while English bosoms boast English
bearts,

We'll tip 'em all round a touch,
While with ardour each starts that
nothing can quench,

We'll bang the Spaniards, belabour
the Dutch,

Ing the Spaniards, belabour the Dutch,
And block up and laugh at the French.

Now the French, while in harbour so
snug and so sly,

'Bout their courage they make a
fine rout,

they'd have the whole world not
believe it a lye,

Then, damme, why don't they
come out?

Because, though they brag that so
boldly they feel, [fear,

They are all of them trembling for
From Lord Bridport they'd get such
another salt eel,

As brave Duncan prepar'd for
Mynheer.

Let French, Spanish, and Dutch, lay
together their heads,

And of beating the English brag,
That they'd tail up the Thames, take
us all in our beds,

And hoist on the Tower their flag;
Oui, oui, cries Mounseer Si-signior,

says the Don, and cries
Mynheer smokes his
pipe,

But when Jarvis, or Bridport, or
Duncan, come on,

They are damnable sick in the craw,
Your true honest maxim, I've heard
'em commend,

Is the nation you live in to sing,
Where your property, children, your
wife, and your friend,

Are the care of your father—the
king;

The man, then, so blest, who dissemi-
nates strife,

Deserves, while he sinks in disgrace,
Neither king to protect him, to love
'him a wife,

Nor children to smile in his face.

2. *A New Song*

On the Defeat of the Dutch Fleet.

COME cheer up your heart, Eng-
land still rears her head,

And strikes all her foes with confusion
and dread.

We're lords of the main, there trium-
phant we reign,

And Duncan, brave Duncan, fresh
laurels doth gain

CHORUS.

Then chorus, ye Sons of Britannia, and
sing

Success to Old England, and peace may
it bring.

On October Eleven the Dutch did
[appear

And Duncan's brave fleet unto them
drew near, [furl'd,

The flag of defiance was quickly un-
And at England, Old England, their
vengeance was hurl'd.

Then Neptune arose, in his coral-
clad throne, [alone,

And swore, by his tritons, the Britons
Were lords of the sea and their power
he'd own,

And to brave British seamen he'd
yield up his throne. [to roar,

The thundering cannons began for
When the Dutch, to behold it, all
throng'd to the shore,



They beheld their disgrace, and their
total defeat,
And their treacherous conduct's re-
ward there did meet,
Now the elements rattle, disturb'd
was the flood,
And the high-foaming billows were
stained with blood,
Vict'ry sat on our side, and the Dutch-
men we beat,
And into the Texel they could not
retreat.
The Dutch lost the day, and their
ships we have ta'en, the main,
Triumphantly we flourish—still lords of
Nine ships to us struck, and three
frigates likewise,
And to England, Old England, we
bore off the prize.

3. *The Sailor's Resolution.*

I AM a stout courageous sailor.
And am lately come on shore,
But I'm resolv'd to be a freeman,
Beauty I'll no more adore;
For he's an ass that doats on she
That loves to play the tyranny;
As for my part I'll be free,
Woman ne'er shall conquer me.

CHORUS.—*For he that lets a woman
him controul*

*Ne'er must enjoy his bowl,
As for my part I'll be free,
Woman ne'er shall conquer me.*
I courted one, if you believe me,
She was neither young nor old,
But, egad, she did deceive me,
For she prov'd an arrant scold;
For one day I chance to hear—
Lord! how she tun'd her pipes
clear,

But if so, then I'll beware,
Never more did I go there.
Ruth, she was my second wife,
Beautiful she was to view,
But, alas! I did discover
She had got her failings too:
O, my Ruth, my charming Ruth,
I fear you've got a trick of youth,

But if so, then I'll beware,
Never more did I go there.
Should I wed a handsome woman,
Then my case might be forlorn,
She to any one prove common,
Lord, sir, then I might wear the
O no, no, that ne'er shall be (horns;
My unhappy case to see,
As for my part I'll be free,
Woman ne'er shall conquer me.
Should I bring home store of riches
To some proud ambitious wife,
Then she'd be tugging for the
breeches—

This would be a wretched life:
O no, no, this ne'er shall be
My unhappy, &c.
Long time I've plow'd the ocean,
Like a sailor stout and brave,
And since death must be my portion,
Write these lines upon my grave
"Here lies one that ne'er was tied
"To any proud ambitious bride;
"Reason was his rule and guide,
"Free he liv'd, and free he died."

4. *A new Song on the French Rafts.*

I'M a young Irish hero just come from
dear Dublin, [says is true,
Harro, faith, now believe what young I
My skull it is full, for my brains they are
wandering, halloo.
Sodun'd with the noise then of French her-

CHORUS.

Sing O my poor head why then so uneasy,
By heavens it is bother'd by day and by
night, [they'll invade us,
For those fricasee French dogs they swear
With their new-fashion'd rafts on some
moonshiny night.

But O master Frenchman do not be
cruel, [I should mistake,
For to come by moonlight, least you
Harro! blood a-nouns man, she may be
eclipsed, [take.
And so all her light then away from you
This great large raft is to float on, new water
Sixty thousand men inside of it plac'd,
With five hundred guns, O dear what is
the matter? [haste
O'er all be frighten'd, they're coming in

With their wings and their sails, see how
they're coming, [trice;
And Ireland they swear they'll have in a
Then come, my brave boys, let's have it
out fairly, [so nice.
Blow a-nouns but we'll tip you shelaloe
It was once on a time they'd a fine floating
cattle,
The Ville de Paris she was called by name,
They swore then to take all our ships in
the navy, [game.
But Rodney he taught them a different
Then come on Mr. Mounsieur and not so
much bother, [send,
Ne'er fear but we'll give you as good as you
Your large floating raft we'll soon split
asunder, [end.
In the deep you shall soon find a watery
Your men now you say are to float under
water, [sure.
But faith I believe it to be a lie told
For our brave British navy to the bottom
will send them, [shore.
O then their dead bodies may float to the
Then good by to your rafts, and good by
to invasions, [to have,
No Frenchmen in this land we want for
But good trade, peace, and plenty, not
starve and be empty, [crave.
The roast beef of England once more I do

3. Moll in the Wad.

MISS Jenny don't think I care for you,
For all your freaks and comical airs,
You snub at your betters, I tell you true,
You know full well you'r at your last
prayers; [smirk,
There's Kitty McGirk, and Shelah so
They swear that I'm the broth of a lad,
But—that for the two and turnips for you,
I'll go and be married to Moll in the Wad.

JENNY.

Pray don't be impudent, master Clump,
For all your clobbering kite and gears,
I'll up with my fist and give you a thump,
I'll smack your face and box your ears;
Your slippers and shoes and you I'd refuse
Was there no other man to be had,
To Mulk nabae be off in a crack,
I've got to the Devil with Moll in the Wad.
Farewell, Mrs. Jane, you'll rue the day
I refus'd to butter your bread.

J. Remember your last poor Clump I pray,
Prepare your sole and brittle your thread.
C. Had I marrid you.
J. Pray what would you do?
C. I'd made you a mammy.
J. You'd ne'er been a dad,
Your bed full of thorns.
C. My head full of horns.
J. You'd better be married to Moll in the
Wad, [Wad.
C. I'll go and be married to Moll in the

6. The Cottage on the Moor.

MY mam is no more, and my dad in his
grave,
Little orphans are sisters and I sadly poor,
Industry our wealth, and no dwelling we
have, [moor.
But yon little cottage that stands on the
The lark's early song does to labor invite,
Contented we just keep the wolf from the
door, [light,
And Phoebus retiring trip home with de-
To our neat little cottage, &c.
Our meals are but homely, mirth sweet-
ens the cheer,
Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore,
And heart-ease and health make a palace
appear
Of our neat little cottage, &c.

7. Mary's Fate.

THE decks were clear'd, the gallant
band
Of British tars each other cheering,
Each kindly shook his messmate's
hand, [fearing;
With hearts resolv'd—no danger
Ben Block turn'd pale; yet 'twas not
fear, [fairy,
Ben thought he had beheld some
When on the deck he saw appear,
In seaman's dress, his faithful Mary.
Her cheeks assum'd a crimson glow,
Yet such for love her noble daring,
No prayers could keep her down
below, [sharing;
With Ben she'd stay, all perils
When cruel fate ordain'd it so,
Ere Ben had time to say, how 'twas

An envious ball convey'd the blow
That clos'd in death the eyes of
Mary.

Ben's arms receiv'd the falling fair,
Grief, rage, and love, his bosom
tearing,

His eyes reflected wild despair,
No more for life or safety caring;
Close came the foe, Ben madly cry'd,
"Ye adverse powers come on, I
dare ye,"

Then springing from the vessel's side,
Rush'd on the foe, and dy'd for
Mary.

In the engagement both were slain,
Ben Block, and his true love Mary,
And when the battle it was o'er,
They did prepare their dead to bury;
His loving messmates heav'd a sigh,
As they on these true lovers gaz'd,
Each turn'd his head and dropt a tear,
When in the deep they both were
bury'd.

8. *The Sailor Boy capering Ashore.*

POLL, dang! how d'ye do,
Nan, won't you gu's a buss,
Why what's to do wi' you,
Why here's a pretty fuss;
Say, shall we kiss and toy,
I goes to sea no more,
Oh! I'm the sailor boy
For capering ashore.
Father he apprentic'd me
All to a coasting ship,
I being resolv'd, d'ye see,
To give 'em all the slip,
I got to Yarmouth fair,
Where I had been before,
So father found me there
A capering ashore.

Next out to India
I went a Guinea Pig,
We got to Table Bay,
But mind a pretty rig—
The ship, driving out to sea,
Left me and many more,
Among the Hottentots,
A capering ashore.

I loves a bit of hop,
Life's ne'er the worse for't,
If in my wake shou'd drop
A fiddle, "that's your sort,"
Thrice tumble up a hoy,
Once get the labour o'er,
Then see the sailor boy
A capering ashore

9. *Meg of Wapping.*

'T WAS landlady Meg that made
such run slip,
Pull away, pull away, hearties,
At Wapping she liv'd at the sign of
the ship, (parties;
Where tars meet in such jolly
She'd shine at the play, and she'd jig
at the ball,
All rigg'd out so gay and so topping,
For she married six husbands and
burried them all. (pull,
Pull away, pull away, pull away,
I say, what d'ye think of my Meg of
Wapping. (purse,
The first was old Bluff with a swinging
Pull away pull away, jolly boys,
He was cast away, said Meg who
cares a curse, (folly boys,
As for grieving, why lord that's a
The second in command was blear-
ey'd Ned, (a lopping,
While the surgeons his limbs were
A nine-pounder came and smack'd off
his head.

Pull away, &c. I say,
Rare news for my Meg of Wapping.
Then she married to Sam, and Sam
lov'd a sup,
Pull away, pull away, brother,
So groggy Sam got, and the ship blew
up.

And Meg had to look for another;
The fourth was bold Ben, who at
danger would smile (ping,
Till his courage a crocodile stop-
Made his breakfast of Ben on the
banks of the Nile,

Pull away, &c. I say,
What a fortunate Meg of Wapping.

Stay—who was the fifth, oh, 'twas
 Dick so neat,
 Pull away, pull away, so merry,
 And the savages Dick both killed and
 eat, (take Jerry:
 And poor Meg she was forced to
 Death again stood her friend, for kill'd
 in a 'fray,
 He also the grave chanc'd to pop in;
 So now with my song I shall soon belay
 Pull away, &c. belay. ping.
 The six husbands of Meg of Wap-
 But I did not tell you how that she
 married seven,
 Pull away, pull away, so neatly,
 'Twas honest Tom Trip, and he sent
 her to heaven,
 And her strong box rummaged
 sweetly, (prov'd,
 For Meg growing old, a fond dotard
 And must after a boy needs be
 hopping,
 So she popped off, and Tom with the
 girl that he lov'd
 Pull away, &c. I say, (ping.
 Spent the shiners of Meg of Wap-
 in. *Doll of Wapping.*
 'T'WAS at Stepney church I was
 spliced to Doll—
 Pull away, pull away, together;
 In wedlock you'll oftimes meet with
 a squall,
 But I found it all foul weather:
 Such a curious clapper hung tongue
 had she,
 Doll's music there was no stopping,
 So in less than a week I put off to sea:
 Pull away, pull away, say,
 What a devil of a Doll of Wapping.
 I sail'd for Jamaica, to give her the
 slip—
 Pull away, pull away, yo ho there!
 But soon finding my latitude, Doll
 took a trip, (there;
 And she presently had me in tow
 So again I was forced to lead the old
 life,
 And to India was fain to be hopping,

Where, landing, the first that I met
 was my wife (I say this
 Pull away, pull away, pull away N
 What d'ye think of my Doll of Wapping?
 At Calcutta she jaw'd for three week
 and a day,
 Pull away, pull away, so fine O! Tha
 Where I luckily slipped her for Bo T
 tany Bay,
 And myself set sail for China: A
 But just as I counted on the end of my for
 toils, (happen D
 Never dreaming of what was to but
 We were both cast away near the H
 Phillippine Isles! (I say He v
 Pull away, pull away, pull away Tho
 Whata chop for my Doll of Wapping Tw
 Well, what would you heve? all my O
 buffetings past, (me Tis
 Pull away, pull away, d'ye mind F
 I'm here 'mongst the savages, moor' Thy
 at last, A
 Where Doll is not able to find me My
 Safe out of the reach of her d—'d slac Fe
 jaw, Hea
 With plenty of grub for popping, P
 I'm snug alongside of this tight young All
 squaw, (belay T
 Pull away, pull away, pull away Wit
 And the devil take Doll of Wapping T
 11. *The Shipwreck'd Tar.* Sha
 ESCAP'D, with life in tatters, T
 Behold me safe ashore, 12.
 Such trifles little matters, FRO
 I'll soon get togs galore.
 For Poll swore, when we parted, A
 No chance her faith should jar, To
 And Poll's too tender hearted
 To slight a shipwreck'd tar. T
 To Poll his course strait steering, Hef
 He hastens on apace,
 Poor Jack can't get a hearing— A
 She never saw his face; To
 From Meg, and Doll, and Kitty. A
 Relief is just as far, P
 Not one has the least pity Tho
 For a poor shipwreck'd tar. A

This, whom he thought love's needle,
 Now his sad misery mocks,
 What wants to call the beadle
 To fet him in the stocks :
 Cried Jack, This is hard dealing,
 The elements at war,
 Than this, had kinder feeling,
 They spar'd the shipwreck'd tar.
 But all their taunts and fetches
 A judgment are on me,
 For these hardened wretches,
 Dear Nancy, flighted thee ;
 But see, poor Tray affails me,
 His mistress is not far,
 He wags his tail and hails me,
 Though a poor shipwreck'd tar.
 'Twas faithful love that brought him,
 Oh ! lesson for mankind,
 'Tis one, cried she, I taught him,
 For on my constant mind
 Thy image dear was graven,
 And now removed each bar,
 My arms shall be the haven
 For my poor shipwreck'd tar.
 Heaven and my love reward thee,
 I'm shipwreck'd, but I'm rich,
 All shall with pride regard thee,
 Thy love shall so bewitch
 With wonder each fond fancy,
 That children, near and far,
 Shall lisp the name of Nancy,
 That sav'd the shipwreck'd tar.
 12. *I'll stay to my Jack and he'll wed me.*
 FROM England to India when Jack
 last set sail, (him,
 And left the forlorn long behind
 To brave on the ocean the turbulent
 gale,
 To providence care I consign'd him.
 He said, from the Indies great treasures
 he'd bring,
 And bid me never to fret, ring,
 To banish all doubts, he's left me the
 And such tokens I ne'er shall forget,
 I'll stay for my Jack, and he'll wed me.
 Tho' many new lovers did teaze me
 the while, ceive me,
 And said that my Jack would de-

And vow'd to be constant my heart
 to beguile, (me,

But hope, the good angel, reliev'd
 With a thought of my sailor who's
 ever been true,

And never deceiv'd me as yet,
 I told them 'twas folly their suit to
 pursue,

As my sailor I ne'er, &c.
 To the beech where we parted I fre-
 quently go,

To wait for my sailor's returning,
 And gaze on the seas, with a heart
 full of woe ;

'Till a vessel far distant discerning,
 With raptures I saw as she drew near
 the land,

With her lofty top gallant-sails set,
 My Jack on the yard, to me wave his
 hand,

And the token I ne'er shall forget,
 I've staid for my Jack, and he's wed me.

13. *If a Body loves a Body.*
 A BODY may in a simple way
 Read love in shepherd's eyes,
 A body may, ah ! well a-day,
 Find love tho' in disguise.

*Chorus.—There is a body loves a body,
 I could tell you who ;
 And if a body loves a body,
 Let him come and woo.*

I ne'er will well, I often said,
 A sad that cannot speak ;
 Yet something's running in my head
 Which prudence cannot check.
 An humble cot, and humble lot,
 Is suited to my mind,
 No wealth I seek, then let him speak,
 He'll find a body kind.

14. *The Maid of Martindale.*
 IN Martindale, a village gay,
 A damsel deigns to dwell,
 Where looks are like the summer day
 Whose charms no tongue can tell
 Whene'er meet her on the way,
 I tell my am'rous tale,
 Then heave a sigh, or softly say,
 Sweet maid of Martindale.

This nymph has numbers in her train,
From Hodge up to the Squire,
A conquest makes of every swain,
All gaze and all admire;

Then where's the hope, alas! for me,
That I should e'er prevail,
Yet while I breathe I'll think on thee
Sweet maid of Martindale.

Should fate propitious be my lot
To call the charmer mine,
Pd live content in lonely cot,
And pompous thoughts resign;
But if she scorns each heart-felt sigh,
And leaves me to bewail,
For thee my fair, for thee I'll die,
Sweet maid of Martindale.

15. *The New Mariners.*

YOU Gentlemen of England, who
live at home at ease,
Ah little do you think upon the
dangers of the seas,

Give ear unto the mariners, and they
will plainly shew,

All the cares and the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.
If enemies oppose us when England
is at wars

With any foreign nations, we fear no
wounds nor scars,

Our roaring guns shall teach them,
our valour for to know,

Whilst they reel, on the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage all brave mariners, and
never be afraid,

Whilst we have bold adventurers we
ne'er shall want a trade,

Our merchants will employ us to
bring them wealth we know,

Then be bold work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

16. *Begone dull Care.*

BEGONE dull care, I prythee be-
gone from me, (never agree

Begone dull care, you and I shall
Long time thou hast been tarrying

here,
n faint thou wilt me kill

But faith, dull care,

Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will turn a young
man grey, (to clay,

Too much care will turn an old man
My wife shall dance and I will sing,

So merrily pass the day.

For I hold it one of the wisest things
To drive dull care away.

17. *Lowland Willy.*

WHEN o'er the downs at early day,
My Lowland Willy hi'd him,

With joy I drove my cows that way,
A milking to abide him,

Chorus.—My bonny, bonny, Lowland
My bonny Lowland Willy; (Willy,

O Love! to shew thy power divine,
Make the Lowland Willy mine,

My bonny Lowland Willy.

'Twas o'er the downs he first began
To tell how well he lov'd me,

Could I refuse the charming man,
O no—his passion mov'd me.

My bonny, &c.

My Willy's love to me is joy,
I own'd it soon reliev'd me,

To kirk I'd hie me with the boy,
To kirk I'd hie me with my boy,

For he will ne'er deceive me,
My bonny, &c.

18. *Faint Wearily Way-worn Traveller.*

FAINT and wearily the way-worn tra-
veller, Plods uncheerily, afraid to stop, (veller,

Wand'ring drearily and sad, unravell'd
Of the mazes, toward the mountain's

top, (steering,
Doubting, fearing, while the course he

Cottages appearing, as he's nigh to drop:
Oh, how briskly then the way-worn

traveller, (top,
Treads the mazes toward the mountain's

Tho' so melancholy day has past by,
Twon'd be folly now to think on't more,

Blithe and jolly he the can holds fast by,
As he sitting at the goatherd's door;

Eating, quaffing, at past labour's laughing
Better far by ha' in spirits than before

Oh, how merrily then the rested traveller
Seems, while sitting at the goatherd's door,
While sitting at the herd's go door, &c.

